

Gone Viral: A Comedic Screenplay about Social Media in the Contemporary Era

Undergraduate Research Thesis

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by

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GONE VIRAL

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EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A car with a bright pink LYFT sign comes to a slow halt in front of a driveway with a large rock at its end. Everyone but the driver exits the Lyft and stands on the sidewalk in front of Jamie's house. The three men are JAMIE, 21, DECLAN, 21, AND CHRIS, 46.

JAMIE

So which platforms does the agency think we should focus on?

Jamie pulls his phone out of his pocket.

CHRIS

Which ones are the kids on nowadays? Facebook?

DECLAN

Nah, your generation killed that.

CHRIS

I'm 46.

DECLAN

Okay, boomer.

JAMIE

We could see if anyone wants to start a feud- then we can argue across platforms.

CHRIS

Feuds are good, feuds save lives in this business.

DECLAN

What's the opposite of a feud? Can we start like a compliment fight?

Jamie and Chris scoff.

DECLAN

It was ambitious, but I stand by it. Influencing doesn't have to just be hot people fighting for attention.

JAMIE

It doesn't. But give the people what they want, ya know?

Declan sighs.

CHRIS
What about Tic-Tac?

DECLAN
(chuckling)
Tik- what?

CHRIS
Tic-Tac.

JAMIE
(raising his phone)
Tik Tok?

CHRIS
(confused)
Relax, we're not in a rush.

Jamie giggles and hands his phone to Chris.

CHRIS
Ooohhh.

DECLAN
And TikTok clout doesn't translate
well to other apps. We tried.

JAMIE
If TikTokers are influencers, then
I'm a neurosurgeon.

DECLAN
(skeptical)
That's a big dif-

CHRIS
You know what, I trust you two to
figure it out. Just let me know.

JAMIE
Yeah, we'll think of something.

CHRIS
However this goes, it's been a
pleasure working with you two.

JAMIE
You've been great, Chris. It may
not be the end of the line yet. We
just need to talk some stuff out.

DECLAN
Yeah. Starting over or moving on,
we've got each other.

Declan places his hand on Jamie's shoulder.

JAMIE

A minute ago you sounded ready to bounce.

DECLAN

I'm not going anywhere.

SCREECH! A black van comes to a grinding halt in front of the house. Four masked men in black sprint out of the sliding doors.

Jamie, Declan, and Chris don't have time to react. They start to run away, but-

Hands. It's so fast. Declan is grabbed by the forearm and a rag is stuffed against his face. He passes out.

The Lyft speeds away. Jamie runs after the guy who grabbed Declan, but gets punched in the gut by one of the kidnappers and falls onto the pavement. Chris tries to defend Jamie and gets decked square in the jaw. He falls onto the grass.

The kidnappers haul Declan's unconscious body into the van and are gone as quickly as they came. Jamie watches from the ground powerless. His eyes slowly close as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE YOUTUBE INTERFACE - A video buffers on the left hand side while the right column of the screen lists videos that are "Recommended for You". The buffering video is entitled "December Q&A" and- oh? It's playing!

JAMIE STELLER, 21 , an ambitious, naive, hot social media influencer stands next to his friend and co-star DECLAN POWERS, 21, a handsome, less-excited, reserved young man who never flouts his status. A logo that says StarPower sits in the bottom right hand corner of the screen. They appear to be in a well-lit bedroom of some sort.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

JAMIE

What's up, friends! Jamie and Declan back with another Q&A video!

DECLAN

We asked you guys to send us some questions on Twitter, and as always- you did!

BEGIN INTERCUT

CUT TO:

SUPER: 24 HOURS EARLIER

EXT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT - PRESENT

Paparazzi. Camera flashes. Shouting. A black car pulls up to a red carpet. The door opens as Jamie and Declan exit the car with CHRIS ROVEN, 46, their stressed out manager who escorts them past the photographers and tabloid journalists.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Luke from Memphis says,
"Congratulations on your Innies nomination! Are you guys flying out to LA for the show?"

DECLAN (V.O.)

Well, Luke, since this is our first Innies nomination, we'll definitely be there. Make sure to tune in on December 6th! It'll be streaming somewhere, probably.

JAMIE (V.O.)

This is a huge honor and we are so grateful to all of you that helped us get here.

DECLAN (V.O.)

Jamie... it's an influencer award, not a Nobel.

JAMIE (V.O.)

My parents are disappointed in me either way!

Jamie raises his fist and Declan bumps it reluctantly.

JAMIE (V.O.)

We're just so lucky to have friends like you who-

DECLAN (V.O.)
Fans like you who watch our content
 and keep StarPower going!

Glitz. Glamour. Glasses full of champagne. Fancily dressed young people mill about the lobby, waiting for the auditorium doors to open. Jamie, Declan, and Chris search for a place to settle.

JAMIE (V.O.)
 When are you gonna collab with
 Andrew and Kennedy again?

ANDREW HEMMING, 21, made-up and dapper, he looks like a Hollister model, dead facial expression and all. He walks arm in arm with his girlfriend, KENNEDY WATSON, 21, a woman who radiates superiority and looks like she's never seen a poor person before. She's gorgeous...and that's about it. People stare at them as they walk through the front doors.

DECLAN (V.O.)
 The cosmetic side of the industry
 was a cool thing to explore, but...

JAMIE (V.O.)
 It wasn't really our thing. We
 still consider them good friends
 though and we see them around
 campus all the time!

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

JAMIE
 Now that we're a few questions in,
 we'd like to give a quick shoutout
 to our sponsor: The Cheap Trim
 Troupe.

DECLAN
 For \$10 a month, they mail you
 razors, shaving cream, extra
 blades, and more all in one
 convenient package. I use their
 razors every day and couldn't be
 happier!

He rubs his face.

END INTERCUT

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON - NIGHT - PRESENT

Declan rubs his clearly scruffy face. Someone's a fibber... He, Jamie, and Chris have found a high top table to stand around while they wait for the auditorium to open.

CHRIS
Oh! There's Ray!

Chris waves down RAY CAMPBELL, 46, a businessman straight out of central casting. He approaches them with a glass of champagne in hand.

RAY
Good evening, Chris. Gentlemen.

Ray shakes everyone's hands.

CHRIS
These are my clients, Jamie and Declan. You've all heard a lot about each other.

RAY
Ah, you're the ones who specialize in the interview videos, yes?

JAMIE
They aren't really interviews. More like Q&A videos for our fans.

RAY
Right, but what do you do that makes your fans care to ask you questions?

DECLAN
(not following)
We answer questions...

RAY
I understand that. But what content do you create?

JAMIE
Q&A videos...

RAY
But why do people watch them?

JAMIE
Because we're influencers.

DECLAN
Because we're influencers.

RAY
But why are you influencers?

JAMIE
Because people watch our content.

Ray and Chris look at each other. The irony is totally lost on Jamie and Declan.

DECLAN
Oh look, booze.

Declan nods in the direction of the bar and Jamie starts walking away with him. Ray and Chris stay behind.

RAY
Have you spoken to them about rebranding?

CHRIS
They don't need it. They have a loyal fanbase and a steady production pace-

RAY
But it's not enough. There's nothing appealing about them to people who don't already follow them.

CHRIS
I disagree. Their looks have gotten them this far.

RAY
Youth and beauty fade. At least if they did comedy or makeup, or workout videos, they'd be marketable in ten years.

CHRIS
They'll evolve, you just have to give them time.

RAY
Time is money. When we advised you against taking them on as your first clients, you assured us you could make them more profitable. Take them beyond social media.

CHRIS
They're in college! They can't drop everything to go on tours.

RAY
Can't or won't?

Chris lets out a deep breath.

CHRIS
Once they win this award tonight,
their followers will skyrocket and
so will their sponsors.

RAY
They better. You just got your foot
in the door. It'd be a shame if we
have to slam it on you.

Ray downs the champagne and sets it on the table before
walking away.

On the other side of the lobby, Jamie and Declan sip their
glasses of Jack & Coke and Vodka-Sprite, respectively.

JAMIE
I just don't get what Ray didn't
get...you know?

DECLAN
Yeah- vlogs are content and I'm
willing to die on this hill.

JAMIE
Look up there.

Jamie points to a pair of twins standing at a balcony across
the way, above them.

DECLAN
The Halen twins? What about them?

JAMIE
They do the same thing we do and
have ten times the followers.

DECLAN
Well, there's two of them...

JAMIE
Do you think that's how math works?

DECLAN
Get to your point.

JAMIE

I'm just sick of content creators acting like some content is better than others.

DECLAN

I'm pretty sure that happens in every field, Jamie. If our product is clout, you really think other peddlers aren't gonna-

JAMIE

You may sell clout. I sell *real* human connection. All of our viewers are friends of mine.

DECLAN

They're not friends; they're fans. The same people who congratulated us wouldn't hesitate to cancel us if we stepped out of line-even accidentally.

JAMIE

You don't give them enough credit!

DECLAN

You give them too much. If someone tweets a slur, they should be cancelled, but people like us get cancelled all the time for...using slang wrong or videos resurfacing from freakin' middle school! Were you woke in middle school?

JAMIE

I...watched more Family Guy than I'm proud of.

DECLAN

Exactly.

(finishes his drink)

Just because someone treats you well now, doesn't make them a friend.

JAMIE

Are you good? You always get fake wise when you're drunk.

DECLAN

I only had one-

Declan takes a moment to count the number one on his fingers.

DECLAN
-drink.

JAMIE
What did you eat today?

DECLAN
Airport McDonald's.

JAMIE
You should be okay then?

DECLAN
About 8 hours ago.

JAMIE
Goddammit, Declan.

ANDREW (O.S.)
We interrupting something?

Andrew and Kennedy have approached Jamie and Declan. They have generic grins on their faces. There's nothing sincere about their demeanors...ever.

DECLAN
I was just telling Jamie how tipsy
I am not!

JAMIE
What are you two nominated for?

KENNEDY
Best Couple, Best Cosmetic Line,
Best Looks.

JAMIE
There's a Best Looks?

ANDREW
Just for those of us who *try*.

KENNEDY
Fashion isn't for everyone though.
Your polos wow us every week!

Jamie grins in delight. Declan rolls his eyes.

JAMIE
(to Declan)
They still watch our videos!
(to the others)
We should collab again some time!
(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you could give us the Queer Eye treatment.

ANDREW

Ha! We'd make Queer Eye look like mommy makeup hour.

KENNEDY

We could run circles around those five gay men.

ANDREW

And we're both bisexual so there's basically four of us.

Andrew and Kennedy tap drinks. Declan's inebriation has rendered him unable to feign affability. He's visibly annoyed.

DECLAN

What else do you two do?

ANDREW

What?

DECLAN

I mean...is makeup your entire life? There's nothing wrong with that...I'm just saying...that's a telling thing to revolve your life around.

KENNEDY

Oh, is it?

JAMIE

I think what Declan means is...it shows your talent. I can tell how much time and care goes into all of your makeup videos. That's what you meant, right Declan?

Jamie nudges him.

DECLAN

Yeah...that's what I was saying. You two are...something. And everyone knows the judges here love...something.

ANDREW

Damn right they do. I hear *nothing* only got *one* nomination tonight.

Declan and Andrew have a stare off. Jamie breaks it up.

JAMIE

Well...we wish you two luck in your categories. Maybe next year we'll be up for more. I'm sure collaborating will help both of us!

KENNEDY

Do we both need help though?

JAMIE

I mean...we both could use more followers. And we're friends, right?

Everyone makes suspicious eye contact at each other.

ANDREW

Yes, Jamie. You're our *friend*.

The auditorium doors open and people begin moving toward them.

KENNEDY

Good luck, boys.

She and Andrew walk off into the crowd.

JAMIE

What was that?

DECLAN

Don't act like they aren't shallow!

JAMIE

They aren't! You just antagonize them whenever we talk.

DECLAN

Because there's nothing to them besides looks and stardom!

JAMIE

You need to stop being so cynical.

DECLAN

And you need to see people for who they are. Those two make a kiddie pool look like the Marianas and you know it.

JAMIE
They're just really passionate
about what they do.

DECLAN
Ok, Jamie.

JAMIE
Don't "Ok, Jamie" me! Talk!

DECLAN
Nah, when you start making excuses
for people, it's a lost cause. I'll
take the L.

JAMIE
Can you bring back sober Declan
please?

Declan curls up his pointer finger like Danny in *The Shining*.

DECLAN
(high pitched, creepy)
Sober Declan's not here, Mrs.
Torrance.

Jamie just uncomfortably stares.

JAMIE
Never in your life-

DECLAN
Yeah, I shouldn't have done that.

They chuckle and Jamie nudges him again.

JAMIE
C'mon. Before the seat fillers get
excited.

INT. THE BEVERLY HILTON AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The auditorium is set up like the Golden Globes. People sit around dinner tables that are scattered about the house and they watch a stage in the front of a room while eating. An attractive heterosexual couple walk up onto the stage to the tune of house band music. They are ALEX, 24, and SAM, 24.

ALEX
Our next award is for the social
media stars who use their presence
to remind us all what the internet
is really about: love.

Declan, sitting at a table with Jamie and Chris, is visibly skeptical.

SAM

The award for Best Couple has always been given to the couple who truly makes us *believe* in love.

ALEX

As last year's winners, we feel honored to be able to pay it forward.

Alex pauses and gets a schemey look in her eye.

ALEX

But first- I'd like to thank my fiancée...James.

She gestures to JAMES, 24, sitting at a table with one other person and an empty seat. James is caught off guard and awkwardly waves.

SAM

Yeah? Well, I'd like to thank my wife...Lydia.

Sam claps for Lydia and we see her in the middle of biting a massive piece of shrimp. She awkwardly smiles, shrimp in mouth, and waives until the camera is off her.

ALEX

Love can bridge the mistakes that people make. Or rather...it should.

Sam rolls her eyes.

SAM

While that can depend in real life, we can all agree on one thing- what do you do when you make a mistake on the internet?

Church call and response style, the audience replies:

AUDIENCE

Curl up and die!

Sam laughs.

ALEX

Love comes in many forms. And-

SAM

Is best practiced with someone who remembers your birthday.

ALEX

Or can make you come-Okay! The winner of this year's Best Couple Innie is...

SAM

Andrew and Kennedy!

ALEX

Andrew and Kennedy!

Andrew and Kennedy peck each other and power walk up to the stage while Sam and Alex bicker inaudibly. Sam and Alex hand off the trophies and then leave the stage.

Andrew is fake sniffing and Kennedy is fanning her face as if to hold back tears. Both performances are over-the-top and the audience is eating it up...except for Declan.

ANDREW

We just wanted to thank everyone who voted for us, first off.

KENNEDY

We are truly...humbled to be getting this award and wish all of the couples out there love and happiness.

Andrew and Kennedy rub noses. Andrew pulls out his phone and starts filming.

ANDREW

And now, Kenni, there's something that I want to ask you in front of America. And Instagram Live.

Kennedy gasps as Andrew pulls out a ring box and gets down on one knee.

ANDREW

I love you...and I wanna double tap your pics for the rest of my life.

Kennedy continues to fan herself.

ANDREW

Will you marry me?

KENNEDY

Yes!

Andrew hops up and they kiss. The crowd gives them a standing ovation, Jamie included. Jamie wipes a tear from his eye and looks down at Declan. Declan chews on his salad disinterestedly. Jamie rolls his eyes.

ANDREW

Thank you again everyone and make
sure to hashtag your posts
#InstaGaged so we never forget this
night!

Andrew and Kennedy walk off the stage hand in hand to the sound of thunderous applause.

A man with a disinterested demeanor, HAL, 29, saunters up to the microphone.

HAL

How big is your [bleep]? Possibly
the most asked question in a
YouTube Q&A video. While often the
clickbait title of the video, the
question...really captures the
essence of the Q&A video. Why do
fans care about the pomp and
circumstance of our lives? We may
never truly know...but we'll keep
patting ourselves on the back
because they do. And that...ladies
and gentleman...speaks volumes
about our [bleep].

Silence mixed with a few sparse gasps.

HAL

The winner...or should I say
winner(s)...

Jamie, Declan, and Chris look at one another with excitement in their eyes.

HAL

...are...

He opens the envelope and...

CUT TO:

INT. LYFT CAR - NIGHT

Jamie and Declan sit in the back seat of a Lyft while Chris sits in the front. They're wearing casual clothing.

JAMIE

All I'm saying is if we'd done a co Q&A with Andrew and Kennedy, we would've won!

DECLAN

That's neither here nor there! We want to win based on our own skills, not someone else's!

Chris is visibly troubled in the front seat.

CHRIS

Guys, relax. The last thing we need is you two arguing right now. We can still salvage this.

JAMIE

How? Ray's gonna sack you because of the loss and without a manager, RIP our careers.

DECLAN

That doesn't have to be the case. No offense to Chris, but we can keep producing content, regardless. If we got noticed once, we'll get noticed again.

CHRIS

He's right. But you two won't have to start over if we grind.

DECLAN

We do grind.

JAMIE

Not as hard as we could though. What if we up production to two vlogs per week?

CHRIS

That's what I was gonna suggest. And market yourselves like hell. Follow for follow, promo yourselves, call in whatever favors you have to promo you. And...

JAMIE

And what?

CHRIS

We may have to talk specializing in something.

Jamie and Declan both loudly react with disgust.

JAMIE

We're vloggers! We've always been vloggers!

DECLAN

People subscribe because they wanna hear about our lives!

CHRIS

But that's not marketable! The reason I'm here is to get you opportunities outside of YouTube and Instagram.

DECLAN

Do we want those if it means changing our content though?

JAMIE

We could build viable careers by sticking with social media...but I wouldn't mind a streaming show or something.

DECLAN

That's a long way off. We can't even move to LA for another year. Maybe we should put management on hold.

SCREECH. The car grinds to a halt.

DRIVER

Buggy!

An Amish man rides a horse-drawn buggy. The car rolls steadily behind it, waiting for oncoming traffic to clear so they can go around.

JAMIE

God, I hate this town...

CHRIS

(lightheartedly)

Watch it, my grandfather was Amish!

The guys chuckle politely. Chris turns around to look at the duo.

CHRIS
Honestly, the content shift plus
getting out of Pennsylvania would
make you two unstoppable.

DECLAN
But we don't wanna do either of
those things!

Chris breaks eye contact with Declan and looks to Jamie,
who's staring out of the window.

JAMIE
I don't know...I wouldn't mind-

DECLAN
You'd sell out? Really?

JAMIE
It's only selling out if we're
doing it for the wrong reasons.

DECLAN
Are we?

Jamie is silent.

DECLAN
Are you?

JAMIE
Excuse me for wanting to grow!

DECLAN
This isn't growth. It's chasing
fame.

JAMIE
What's the difference?!

DECLAN
Choice! Motives! A third thing!

CHRIS
This is you two's decision. But I'm
here to get you into other mediums.
If that's not what you want, I
understand, but I need to know.

JAMIE
Can we have time?

CHRIS

Of course. It may be a moot issue.
If Ray drops me, then we'll all be
starting over anyway.

DECLAN

Is there anything we can do for
you? However we choose, we don't
wanna screw you over.

CHRIS

Maybe send other clients my way if
you know of anyone. They may keep
me on if I bring in someone open
to...more.

Jamie and Declan chuckle politely.

JAMIE

That's fair.

The car stops in front of a college house in a semi-shabby
neighborhood.

CHRIS

This is us.
(to the driver)
I'll be right back.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The three of them exit the car and we drift over to the house
as we hear the opening scene play itself out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's dawn. Two police stand in Jamie's doorway on their way
out.

POLICE OFFICER 1

We'll take this info back down to
the station and uhhh...see what we
can do.

JAMIE

(indignant)
See what you can d-

CHRIS
Thank you, officers. We appreciate
your time.

The officers nod and walk off as Chris closes the door.

JAMIE
What do you mean we appreciate
their time?

CHRIS
They're cops, Jamie.

JAMIE
Right! So they should've said,
"We'll find him! No worries!"- not
some half assed -

Jamie is so frustrated, his words become gibberish. Chris
puts his arm around him.

CHRIS
It's okay.

JAMIE
It's not okay! What are they gonna
do to him?! Who kidnaps a goddamn
YouTuber?

Jamie pulls away and walks toward his living room window. He
stares out at his driveway and the street.

JAMIE
He was right there. And then he
wasn't.

Chris follow him to the window, but maintains a distance
behind him.

CHRIS
Now what?

JAMIE
I can't just sit here and wait for
him to knock on the door.

CHRIS
Then what can you do? Be realistic.

Jamie turns around.

JAMIE

There are only so many people who could've taken him...we don't have beef with many people. Maybe if I can figure out what they want-

CHRIS

You're not considering-

JAMIE

I have better odds just looking for him myself. What's that thing they always say on cop shows- the odds of finding them halve every 24 hours?

CHRIS

Jamie, that's not safe. You don't know who these people are.

JAMIE

We don't know that. And I know they took my friend. Which is all I need.

CHRIS

Fine, but no need to go full Liam Neeson, just- you're an influencer. So handle this like only an influencer can.

JAMIE

Meaning?

CHRIS

You have millions of subscribers at your beck and call. That's millions of your own personal detectives.

JAMIE

That would never work; it's too chaotic.

CHRIS

Really? Millions of people come together to crowdfund everyday. Medical bills, trips, charity. You name it.

JAMIE

This isn't crowdfunding though!

CHRIS

You're right. It's...crowd-*finding*. Think of it like a digital search party almost. Just don't put yourself in harm's way if you don't have to.

JAMIE

And them?

CHRIS

They wouldn't be doing anything they don't wanna do. If nothing else, it's a big team of researchers.

JAMIE

It's a wild goose chase!

CHRIS

(raising his voice)
It's your only option!

JAMIE

Shhh- you'll wake Donna. This is her only day off.

Chris gets a look of realization in his eye.

CHRIS

Why didn't you ever include her in the show? Don't med students see a lot of weird shit?

JAMIE

It...didn't seem on brand- plus she's never home. That aside though, if I try "crowdfinding" and it doesn't work, what then?

CHRIS

Then at least you'll know you did everything you could.

Jamie glances off to the side.

CHRIS

I'm gonna make some calls. See what I can do to help with all this.

JAMIE

I'm gonna call Mark and Mia. I don't wanna be alone right now.

CHRIS

Andrew and Kennedy might be able to help with the crowdfinding too. You sure Mark and Mia are a good idea?

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

MARK JEFFERS, 20, an adorable, confused idiot who has an irrational loyalty to Jamie and twin sister, MIA JEFFERS, 20, who couldn't be more different. She has a confident demeanor and while she doesn't totally understand the world, she proudly occupies space in it nonetheless. They stand between Jamie and Declan.

JAMIE

So you're putting together your dream birthday concert lineup- who do you pick?

DECLAN

I have to go...Jon Bellion, AJR, and Childish Gambino.

JAMIE

Respect. I'd say the same, but swap out Jon for Panic.

DECLAN

Solid. Mark, Mia?

The two siblings look at each other, unsure of who to pick.

MARK

Umm...who's the one that promised to protect us from the rain?

Jamie and Declan look at each other confusedly.

JAMIE

Are you thinking of Rihanna?

MARK

That sounds right. Then um, the one with the catchy song about UFO's?

DECLAN

Nicki...Minaj?

MIA

Yes! Love her!

MARK

And ummm. Geez I'm stuck.

MIA

Who'd be a good third?

JAMIE

What about Beyoncé?

MARK

I don't know...can she sing?

CUT TO:

JAMIE

This next game, we're gonna see who can recognize celebrities based just on their eyes!

DECLAN

We call this one, "Star Eye-D".

A title moves across the screen with the word "Star", an animated Eye, and the letter "D" with a magnifying glass attached to it.

JAMIE

Mark, Mia, just...try to have fun.

A set of eyes appears in the top right corner of the screen. Declan buzzes in immediately.

DECLAN

Tom Holland.

A new set of eyes pops up. Declan buzzes again. Mark and Mia, are just chillin', Jamie is actually trying to keep up.

DECLAN

Tessa Thompson.

The last set of eyes pops up - Jamie and Declan buzz at the same time. Declan pauses.

JAMIE

Uhhh... Tom...Cruise.

DECLAN

Hanks, but you can have half credit if you want?

MIA
We never stood a chance.
(to Declan)
How are you so good at this?

DECLAN
Eyes are the window to the
soul...and I never forget a soul.

Everyone pauses at this.

DECLAN
(laughing)
Just kidding...I just have a thing
for eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

JAMIE
They're weirdos, but they're my
weirdos.

Jamie grins.

JAMIE
Thanks for your help, Chris.

CHRIS
Anything you need, man.

They share a hug. Chris leaves. As the front door shuts, a
disheveled, visibly exhausted med student, still in scrubs,
DONNA, 24, wanders into the living room.

DONNA
(groggily)
What happened?

INT. MARK'S ROOM - DAY

Mark sits cross-legged on his bed, intensely playing a game
of Temple Run on an outdated iPhone.

The phone rings.

MARK
(excited)
Oh!

Mark answer the call and puts the phone on speaker.

MARK

Jamie!

JAMIE (V.O.)

Hey, Mark, I-

MARK

Did you ever play Temple Run when it was popular? I once saw one of the kids playing it at our church and when I asked my mom about it, she said, "the only Temple you can run through is the temple of GOD...but no running and if I catch you in a synagogue, it'll be your last challah".

Jamie chuckles.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Yeah, I remember Temple Run. It was no Temple Run 2 though.

MARK

There's a sequel?!?! This is like when you said there were more Harry Potters!

JAMIE (V.O.)

I mean...kinda by necessity. Voldemort was still very alive after the first one.

MARK

Sure, but mom always made it sound like it was one really evil movie that would quote, "send me to hell in a hand basket".

JAMIE (V.O.)

What a strange mode of transportation?

Mia knocks on the door.

MARK

Come in!

Mia enters.

MIA

I always know nerd shit when I hear it.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Is that Mia?

MIA
Hey, Jamie- what's up?

JAMIE
Nothing at all right now. That's
actually why I called.

MARK
What happened?

MIA
What happened?

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A knock at the door. Jamie opens it as Mark and Mia rush past him and into the living room.

MARK
Why didn't you lead with that you
brilliant doofus, you?

MIA
You let him talk about Temple Run
and Harry Potter before you even
brought up kidnapping!

JAMIE
It was a welcomed distraction!
Besides, I kinda forgot that Temple
Run existed.

MARK
Wait until I tell you about the
pissed off...

Mark flaps his hands like a sparrow.

JAMIE
Angry Birds?

MARK
That's the one! Who knew birds
could get away with wrath? For us
it's a "deadly sin".

JAMIE
Ok, but how are you moving
backwards in time? I feel like
Candy Crush was the rage after
Temple Run.

MARK

What kind of candy? Are we talking Skittles, Smarties, Sweet Ta-

MIA

Guys! Kidnapping! Declan!

JAMIE

Right. So, I did some research and found the make and model of the van that took him. I tweeted and posted an insta about it and now I'm waiting on leads.

MARK

Tweeting is the one with the lizard CEO?

JAMIE

Facebook.

MIA

Wait- Instagram is the one that's always angry.

JAMIE

That one's actually Twitter.

MARK

Which one lets you take pics of your willy that disappear forever?

JAMIE

Snapchat. But don't do that unless people ask.

MARK

Why would anyone ask? I just like to capture the moments.

MIA

And TikTok is...

JAMIE

Above your pay grade. Don't worry about it.

Jamie and Mia look at each other.

MIA

Wait so then which one *is* Instagram?

JAMIE

Food pics, memes, vanity. Pretty much whatever you want, but if you feel better about yourself after using it, you're doing it wrong.

MIA

Then why do you use it?

JAMIE

I don't follow.

(turning to Mark)

Also, never call it your willy again. That's just now hitting me.

MARK

What else would I call it?

JAMIE

A...penis?

Mark gasps.

MARK

(deviously)

I usually don't swear but...I'll give it a try.

JAMIE

(to Mia)

Please tell me you don't call it a flower.

MIA

No...but ever since you showed us Nicki, I do like "cookie".

JAMIE

It's head and shoulders above willy.

Jamie rapidly shakes his head, snapping himself out of the tangent.

JAMIE

So I posted and I'm waiting on leads from-

A knock at the door. Jamie walks over and opens it. Andrew and Kennedy stand in the doorway, superficial concern in their faces.

ANDREW

We came as soon as we heard!

KENNEDY

We're so sorry for what happened!

They rush past him.

JAMIE

(sarcastically)

Come in.

ANDREW

What are you gonna do?

JAMIE

Well, I'm still waiting on leads,
but the plan is to find out who
took him myself.

KENNEDY

Oooooo then what?

JAMIE

I'll figure that out when I get
there.

ANDREW

Is there anything we...

Andrew gestures to himself and Kennedy.

ANDREW

...can do?

JAMIE

Just share my posts and see if
maybe your followers can help.

KENNEDY

Done! We already re-shared our
collab that we did a few months ago
with the hashtag #FindingDeclan.

JAMIE

Cool, but my post asks for specific-

ANDREW

No worries, Jamie, we're in this
with you.

Mia clears her throat.

ANDREW

(to Mark and Mia)

I don't think we've met.

JAMIE
That's my bad. Mark, Mia, this is
Andrew and Kennedy.

MIA
(flatly)
Hi.

Mark shoots them a half-assed grin. Jamie scrolls his phone.

JAMIE
I think we have our first lead!
Some girl that goes here said that
the church down the street uses
that same make and model of van.

MIA
The Seventh Day Adventists?

JAMIE
Yeah, them. You've been there?

MIA
No, our mom made us memorize every
church in the tri-state area.

MARK
A to Z, Bay-Bee!

MIA
Most of them start with "C"
though...because Christ.

Andrew pulls out his phone and begins moving it around,
trying to find the perfect selfie angle.

ANDREW
How's the lighting in this church?

JAMIE
I wouldn't know-why?

ANDREW
No reason.

MIA
Any idea why you would have beef
with a church?

JAMIE
The university's celibacy club
meets there after service.

MIA
What does that have to do with
Declan?

Jamie stares off into space as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jamie and Declan are filming a vlog.

JAMIE
So we got stopped by the celibacy
club kids on the quad today.

DECLAN
They asked us to promo some event
they're doing called, "To Those Who
Wait".

JAMIE
What comes to those who wait,
Declan?

DECLAN
Nothing- that's the whole point.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - PRESENT

JAMIE
We had to tweet an apology and
everything.

MIA
For a bad orgasm pun?

JAMIE
Horny, repressed people always
listen to reason.

Kennedy chuckles.

KENNEDY
The DM's you got from their
followers were priceless though!

JAMIE
The ones that weren't death
threats, I guess.

MIA

Wait, they influence too?

JAMIE

Not really. The two leaders, Steadman and Beth, just post #godfirst kind of stuff.

ANDREW

He wasn't first when Steadman hit my line last year, but...not my business.

JAMIE

All that to say, we don't want a repeat of last time.

ANDREW

So like...what are you gonna do?

JAMIE

Is there an option apart from going over there?

MIA

The police are a thing.

JAMIE

Mark, what do we say about cops?

MARK

All cops are plastered!

JAMIE

Not quite, but what a world that would be.

MIA

If you think this is our best option, then I'm with you.

MARK

Me too!

Andrew and Kennedy are tapping on their phones vigorously.

JAMIE

You two?

ANDREW

Yeah, sure.

KENNEDY

We'll meet you wherever.

JAMIE

Do you wanna just drive?

KENNEDY

Sorry, there's not enough room
for...everyone.

JAMIE

There's five of-

ANDREW

Do I need to change?

JAMIE

Why would your clothes matter?

ANDREW

If we catch a kidnapper, I'd be
caught dead wearing Versace.

Jamie's phone rings while Andrew is mid-sentence. He answers
it and raises it to his ear.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Jamie! I have a lead!

Jamie gets excited.

JAMIE

What is it, Chris?

CHRIS

I think I've found the guy who was
driving the buggy in front of us
last night.

JAMIE

And?

CHRIS (V.O.)

He may know which way the
kidnappers drove off in!

JAMIE

Chris, that's amazing! Text me
whatever you've got. We found a
lead of our own that we're checking
out.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Send me your info too then. Be
careful.

JAMIE

Will do.

Jamie hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Jamie's car pulls into the bustling church parking lot. The car parks.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Jamie sits in the driver's seat, while Mia sits in the front and Mark sits in the back. He rolls down the windows a crack.

MIA

(shivering)

Roll those back up!

JAMIE

We'll head in once everyone else gets here. It's just kind of stuffy.

MIA

Fine, but what's the game plan?

Jamie scrolls through his phone while replying to Mia.

JAMIE

Confront them. It's a church full of people, what are they gonna do?

MIA

That's it? No super secret James Bond antics?

JAMIE

I doubt they're the ones who actually took him. But they know something. This van thing can't be a coincidence.

MIA

Can't it though?

MARK

This building is so pretty. Too bad God's not real.

A couple getting into the car next to them look over and scowl, having heard Mark through the cracked window.

JAMIE
(grimacing)
Your parents are not gonna be happy
about that.

MIA
Their fault for sending us to
college.

JAMIE
(still on phone)
What the hell? Andrew and Kennedy
are at Starbucks!

MIA
What?!

Everyone leans in to look at Jamie's phone.

An Instagram boomerang plays on the screen of Andrew and Kennedy toasting their Starbucks cups with the hashtags: #sponsor and #boneaptheteeth.

MARK
So what are we gonna do?

INT. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP ROOM - DAY.

Jamie, Mark, and Mia peek their heads into the church fellowship room. It's about the size of half of a basketball court and has a circle of 10 people sitting in chairs in the middle. BETH, 20, a super excited Christian woman, leaps up.

BETH
Are you here for celibacy club?

The three of them move into the room. Beth's face drops upon recognizing Jamie.

JAMIE
Yeah, we are!

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP ROOM - DAY - SAME

Everyone is sitting in the circle.

MARK

All I'm saying is, I grew up learning this stuff and then everything changed when I got to college. Now, God is either dead or a woman depending on who you ask!

Gasps from all of the churchgoers. Jamie and Mia stifle laughter. STEADMAN, 22, a wholesome church boy who is visibly annoyed, speaks up. He wears a polo with a medium-sized logo of Christ crucified on the Twitter "t".

STEADMAN

And Jesus loves you anyway, doesn't he everyone?

Everyone nods. Mia leans over to Jamie.

MIA

Why didn't we just wait in the hallway?

JAMIE

I thought about that, but look at Mark, he's having so much fun.

BETH

Something to share with the rest of the group?

Jamie and Mia are caught off guard by this attention.

JAMIE

Uhh, nothing, just...

Everyone stares. Jamie feels the need to say something. He stands up.

JAMIE

I have a...question. If a Christian girl that you're texting just stops replying, is that... holy ghosting?

Crickets.

JAMIE

Thank you.

Jamie lowers back into his seat and stares at the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP ROOM - DAY - SAME

The group is trickling out. Jamie, Mark, Mia, Steadman, and Beth stand in a circle.

JAMIE

Sorry about that, we promise we won't be back ever again.

MARK

Yeah...Year Round No Nut November sounds awful.

STEADMAN

Believe me, we will all receive the "Divine Nut", when we reach the pearly gates.

Steadman and Beth fist bump.

JAMIE

So I have a favor to ask.

STEADMAN

After all that? You want us to do something for you?

JAMIE

(hopefully)
Grace?

Steadman and Beth cross their arms.

JAMIE

Mercy?

They start to budge, but hold strong.

JAMIE

Forgiveness?

They release their arms and groan.

STEADMAN

What do you want?

JAMIE

That was quick. I had "redemption", "repentance", and "resurrection" ready to go.

Steadman and Beth turn and walk away. Jamie sprints around and stops them.

JAMIE

Wait, wait, wait! I'm sorry. I'm just- you two remember Declan, right?

BETH

How could we forget?

Jamie inaudibly explains the situation to them while we shift over to Mark and Mia.

MIA

Do you miss this at all?

MARK

What do you mean?

MIA

I just feel like...we lived under a rock for so long because of ideas like this. All we were allowed to play were word puzzles and darts.

MARK

I get what you mean. We missed out on a lot. God was cool, but he never made me nut, you know?

Mia gives her brother a confused look. Back to Jamie.

BETH

That's so scary!

STEADMAN

We'll definitely keep you in our prayers.

JAMIE

Thanks, but do you know anything about the van?

Jamies has a picture of the van model pulled up on his phone.

STEADMAN

I heard that one of those was actually rented from the lot over a week ago and never returned.

BETH

The church doesn't wanna report it stolen, but they've been considering it. The guy who rented it is...a little off.

JAMIE
Who rented it?

STEADMAN
Roger, I think his first name was?
Roger...

BETH
Stevens! Roger Stevens!

Jamie's eyes widen.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Jamie, Mark, and Mia power walk back to the car.

MIA
I still don't get it! Who's Roger
Stevens?

JAMIE
Donna's ex-boyf- well, they
technically never dated.

MARK
Story of my life.

No one gives Mark attention.

JAMIE
When she said she wasn't
interested, he stalked her until
she threatened to sue.

MIA
But why would he have anything to
do with Declan missing?

JAMIE
Now, we're on the same page.

MARK
Why did they say he's "a little
off".

JAMIE
Because he's basically an incel.

MARK
I thought you said that's offensive
now?

JAMIE
Not an imbecile, an incel.

MARK MIA
Ooohhh. Charming.

JAMIE
I know where he lives, but we need
our full numbers for this.

Jamie pulls out his phone. Starts tapping.

MIA
Maybe not, I mean. We took on the
celibacy club without Andrew and
Kennedy.

JAMIE
Yeah, but... they want to help.

MIA
If they wanted to help, they would
be here.

JAMIE
It's not like that. They can be a
little spacey sometimes, but they
care.

MIA
I guess I'll drop it, I just don't
think you should lean on them for
much.

JAMIE
So noted.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY.

All five of them sit around a table. They all have cups in
front of them.

JAMIE
So I'm gonna need you two to search
his house.

Andrew and Kennedy are framing their pastries for an
Instagram photo.

ANDREW
Should the coffee be in the shot or
should I let it be minimal?

KENNEDY

It won't matter once you put the filter on.

Kennedy tries to adjust Andrew's croissant.

ANDREW

Be careful! It's flaky!

MIA

Must be like looking in a mirror.

Jamie nudges Mia, but the dig goes over everyone else's heads anyway.

JAMIE

Listen! We'll be with you, but you two may have to look around some parts without us.

ANDREW

Yeah, sure. Can you hold up your cup and smile? They love it when we show our friends.

MIA

What is this even for?

KENNEDY

We forgot to feature Starbucks on our story this week so we stopped here to get some quick shots.

ANDREW

Next thing we knew, it had been like an hour, we totally forgot we said we'd be somewhere.

Mia is fuming.

MIA

What the-

JAMIE

-question was meant to do was help us understand why you never made it to the church. Now that we know, it's ancient history, right?

Mark nods with a dumb grin on his face. Mia is stoic.

JAMIE
You'll be at the house though,
right? You've handled your
sponsors?

Andrew and Kennedy continue to tap vigorously on their phones.

MmHmM . ANDREW MmHmM . KENNEDY

JAMIE
Great! Problem solved, so he lives-

Jamie's phone dings. He pulls it out.

New Message from Unknown Number

Jamie swipes right on the message. It's a photo of Declan tied up and gagged in what looks like a basement. The text says:

He's unharmed for now. Tweet the following and it will stay that way: "Today, let's not harbor any ill will toward anyone.[red circle emoji]". 5 minutes. - Rehpot

Jamie looks up in horror.

MIA
What is it?

Jamie slides his phone across the table. Everyone looks at it.

MIA
What's the red circle?

MARK
What's a Rehpot?

Andrew discreetly snaps a picture of the text with his own phone.

JAMIE
I have no idea what either means!

MARK
Maybe it's a message...

JAMIE
That's not what's uncertain, Mark.
In fact, it's the only obvious
thing going on right now.

MIA

Are you gonna tweet it?

JAMIE

Should I?

ANDREW

You should.

KENNEDY

You should.

JAMIE

Why the enthusiasm?

Andrew and Kennedy exchange looks.

ANDREW

What's the harm?

KENNEDY

If it'll help Declan without hurting you, why wouldn't you do it?

Jamie considers this.

MIA

They wouldn't ask you to tweet something for no reason though.

MARK

Unless...that *is* the reason!

Everyone looks at Mark condescendingly/ with annoyance.

MARK

Look, I'm just trying to keep up.

JAMIE

It's a risk. But the benefits outweigh the tradeoffs.

MIA

You don't know that.

JAMIE

I know they have my friend tied up
and gagged somewhere.

Jamie pulls out his phone and types out the tweet.

MIA

You can't unsend those right?

JAMIE

Yeah.

MIA

So are you sure?

Jamie pauses for a few seconds. Then hits "Tweet". He takes a deep breath and puts his phone away.

JAMIE

It's done. I can't look at it right now.

MARK

Why?

JAMIE

Because I feel like I may have just set something off that I don't understand. I'm...scared I guess.

Mia gently places her palm on Jamie's forearm.

MIA

However things end up, we aren't going anywhere.

Mark nods. Andrew and Kennedy give their signature superficial grin.

MIA

And text Chris so at least *he* knows where to find our bodies.

Jamie chuckles, grins, and taps away on his phone.

MARK

So does this Roger have a nice place at least?

CUT TO:

EXT. DECREPIT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A dilapidated house sits on a neighborhood street. It somehow manages to look both haunted and occupied.

The gang drives by in two cars and parks two houses down from it. They step out of their respective vehicles.

JAMIE

Well, it's not a colonial in the suburbs.

ANDREW
It looks so...

KENNEDY
...vintage.

They both move to take their phones out.

JAMIE
Guys! Time and place.

They scowl, but comply.

MIA
I don't think knocking on the door
is a good idea.

MARK
I still think we should crawl
through his vents and bungee down
like in that Tim Boat movie!

ANDREW
Tim Boat?

JAMIE
Think about it.

A beat.

ANDREW
Ohhh.

JAMIE
This mission is actually very
possible, Mark. So we don't need
air ducts and bungee cords.

MARK
Then what do we need?

JAMIE
My plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER'S PORCH - DAY

A doorbell rings.

The five of them stand on Roger's porch. Jamie stands in
front. The door opens.

ROGER STEVENS, 24, a gaunt, disheveled young man with resentment in his eyes, opens the door with a lit joint in his hand.

ROGER
What?

JAMIE
Remember me?

Roger takes a hit.

ROGER
Sure, you're the Chad who lives
with Donna. Bastard.

JAMIE
The very same. Word on the street
is you rented a van from the church
a few blocks from here.

ROGER
I don't know anything about that.

Roger tries to close the door, but Jamie puts his foot in the doorway. Roger stares at Jamie's foot for an uncomfortable amount of time. His face is as stern as we've ever seen it. Roger reopens the door halfway.

JAMIE
We need to have a look around if
you don't mind.

ROGER
Actually, I do mind. Now move your
foot before I...

Roger licks his lips.

ROGER
...break it.

Jamie snatches the joint out of his hand and takes a deep inhale of it.

JAMIE
Ah, pot. A controlled substance in
this area, I'm afraid. You have a
prescription for this?

ROGER
That's none of your business.

JAMIE

Then I guess you won't mind if I
bring the cops back with a warrant.

ROGER

You can't do
that...Fourth...Amendment!

JAMIE

Probable cause. Wasn't eighth grade
social studies fun?

Roger scowls at Jamie.

ROGER

Narcs. None of that influencer
shit. You got me? If I see any
phones-

JAMIE

Done. You all got that?

Andrew and Kennedy glare at Jamie and Roger.

ANDREW

Yeah.

KENNEDY

Yeah.

MIA

Sure.

MARK

I don't know where mine is.

Jamie shrugs.

JAMIE

So that's that.

ROGER

Fine. But shoes...off.

Roger draws out the words "shoes" and "off" for an unsettling
amount of time as he stares at all of their feet.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - DAY

A dark and cluttered basement room. We move through the
closed door into a room about the size of a teenage bedroom.
Chairs, tables, boxes, and other miscellaneous junk litter
the floors and form piles of up to three or four feet. A
closed closet door is wall to the left upon entering.

We pan left to see Declan, roughed up, but in decent
condition, with duct tape over his mouth and tied up hands.

We hear footsteps. Voices that can't be made out. Is that...?

JAMIE (O.S.)
(muffled)
Why'd you steal the church van?

Declan's eyes widen, hopefully. He looks like he's on the verge of tears.

INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN - DAY

The five people in Jamie's crew wander about the space. Roger leans against the wall with his arms crossed and a permanent scowl on his face.

Mia and Mark move out of the kitchen. Mia's demeanor is that of a seasoned sleuth while Mark is just trying his best.

Kennedy and Andrew saunter about, checking spaces like drawers or cupboards, not trying very hard.

Jamie pulls his head out of a laundry room area and approaches Roger, who stares at the ground.

ROGER
What kind of socks are those?

JAMIE
Nike Crew? Why?

Roger shivers with arousal.

ROGER
Those are...my favorite...socks.

Jamie is uncomfortable.

JAMIE
So tell me about the van?

ROGER
I didn't steal it, I borrowed it.

JAMIE
Then why is it past due?

ROGER
You've never had an overdue library book?

JAMIE
I haven't read a book since 2006.
But even so, that's wildly different.

ROGER

It's a church, it's not like
they'll fine me.

JAMIE

Then what's so important that
you'll steal from God himself?

ROGER

Family business. My uncle and I had
some errands to take care of.

JAMIE

What errands?

ROGER

Maybe I'll tell you after you
really make yourself comfortable?
Why...your feet look so warm...too
warm. That can't be comfortable.

JAMIE

My feet are fine.

ROGER

Yes, they are...

INT. ROGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark and Mia wander. Mia scans every inch of the room and
Mark poorly imitates her.

MIA

There's no point in there being two
of us if you're gonna look exactly
where I'm looking.

MARK

Well, what if you miss something?

MIA

If I miss something, it's all but
invisible to you.

MARK

Not true! Remember when you
couldn't find that spider and it
was in your shoe?

MIA

I wasn't looking for that spider,
Mark. And it was only in my shoe
because you put it there.

MARK

It looked cold! Plus my shoes were already full.

Mia shudders.

MIA

Can you imagine what it's like to be this guy? He just lives this...hateful life with other hateful men.

MARK

He's trash, but I feel bad for him in a way, I guess.

MIA

Just think- he's so alone and inept that all he does is pity himself 24/7.

MARK

You'd think the internet would help him...not do that.

MIA

Not if he doesn't want to. I still only kind of get it but, the internet's like what mom always talked about.

MARK

Reefer?

MIA

I was thinking alcohol. I don't think it changes people. It just amplifies what's already there.

Mark considers this then nods.

MIA

If he wanted to be a better person, he would be.

Mia puts her hand on a photo of Roger and other pitiful men. All barefoot. The focus racks from the photo to what it's reflecting: Kennedy and Andrew in the den.

INT. ROGER'S DEN - DAY

Kennedy and Andrew lolly gag. Glancing out the window, opening more drawers.

KENNEDY
My phone is buzzing its ass off.

ANDREW
Mine feels like that movie with The Rock.

KENNEDY
San Andreas?

ANDREW
Fast & Furious, but same shit.

Kennedy walks over to a chaise lounge and sees a big stain at the front of the cushion.

KENNEDY
Do you think that's-

ANDREW
If we don't ask, it could be anything. If you touch it, our options go down.

They both gag.

KENNEDY
Why are we even here? This place isn't safe. We can't post any of it. I'd be down if we got something out of this, but now we're just in danger for no reason!

ANDREW
We're on the same page, but if we bounce now, we may miss when the juicy stuff happens.

Kennedy folds her arms.

ANDREW
Imagine our follower count when Jamie finds him and we're in the rescue post. Imagine the likes. The new followers. The engagement. We have an opportunity here.

KENNEDY
And if they don't find him?

ANDREW
We're the sidekicks not the heroes. We bask in the success and disappear in the failure.
(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

It's a win/win. Besides, who would cancel Jamie at a time like this?

KENNEDY

This better be worth it then.

ANDREW

It will be. Besides, we're the only ones who've actually helped so far!

Andrews taps his pocket where his phone is.

MIA (O.S.)

Jamie! I think I found something!

Andrew and Kennedy roll their eyes.

INT. ROGER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jamie looks in the direction of Mia's voice then back at Roger. He glares then moves in Mia's direction.

INT. ROGER'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Mia stands in front of an open door that leads...downwards. Into a basement that looks like a dark chasm.

JAMIE

Wouldn't be an adventure without a dark, spooky basement.

MIA

(sarcastically)
Should we split up?

JAMIE

I've always wanted to be a dumb white person in a horror movie.

He takes the first step downstairs.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - DAY

Quick footsteps are heard and the door opens. Light hits Declan's face.

His eyes brighten and he tries to smile through the duct tape. The door quietly shuts.

Declan is trying so hard to talk. His face is gleeful and excited. We see a black-gloved hand in the frame with him.

The man wears a ski mask, but we can really only see his jacketed arm and gloved hands.

Declan's face grows confused then scared as the man's shadow masks him in darkness.

His body eclipses the frame as we...

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM - DAY

Jamie steps down into the dark, messy basement and turns left. Clothes, video games, and DVD's litter the floor.

At the bottom of the stairs, the basement splits off into a left half and a right half. The top half of the wall opposite the stairs is basically one long mirror.

On one of the walls, in the left half, is a dartboard with various photos of female public figures taped to it: Anne Hathaway, Emma Watson, Margot Robbie, among others.

Mia squats and picks up a charred picture of a muscular man with the head burnt off. She sees more among the refuse. Some are generic models, others are men like Zac Efron, Noah Centineo, and Michael B. Jordan.

Then, on the walls- blown up photos of celebrity women's FEET. It's unclear to whom they belong, but feet posters line the walls. Some bare, some in high heels. All sizes and races represented.

MIA

What is wrong with this guy?

MARK

I guess you could say he's...saving soles!

Mark slaps his knee and laughs at his own joke.

ROGER

Don't insult my art! The human foot is the most erotic part of the body. Everyone knows it and you're all just cowards!

Jamie tries to ease the tension.

JAMIE

Hey, hey, hey, let's just...not kink-shame the guy in his own home.
(to Roger)

(MORE)

JAMIE (CONT'D)
I'm sure you love Quentin
Tarantino.

ROGER
He's been on the front lines of our
cause since day one. Nothing but
respect for that man.

Roger salutes the air.

Mark runs his hand along a six-foot ceramic statue of Brad
Pitt as he appeared in *Fight Club*.

MARK
Where'd you get this?

ROGER
Won it at a meninist retreat.

JAMIE
That sentence got worse with every
word.

ROGER
What? The women have Meryl Streep
and the gays have RuPaul- straight
white men need an icon too.
Plus...his feet have made me
question my sexuality more than
once...

Roger shivers again.

MARK
What's over here?

Mark drifts over to the right half. Roger follows. Mia and
Kennedy find themselves fascinated with the dart board of
women.

Andrew decides to follow the guys to the right side since
Kennedy is preoccupied.

MIA
What kind of sicko does this?

Kennedy puts her finger on the Anne Hathaway pictures.

KENNEDY
Do you think I could pull off these
bangs?

Mia cocks her head in Kennedy's direction.

MIA

That's what you're worried about right now?

KENNEDY

What? We won't be in this basement long, but haircuts are a big decision!

MIA

Do they not teach priorities on Instagram?

KENNEDY

Look, Mother Mary, growing up under a rock doesn't make you better than me.

MIA

I never said I was better than you.

KENNEDY

So you haven't been acting all high and mighty since we met?

MIA

I don't act, I'm myself. Take notes.

KENNEDY

See! When you say shit like that, it sure seems like you think you're better!

MIA

Damn right! But I still never *said* it!

Jamie swoops in between them.

JAMIE

Hey, hey, hey. That's...enough there.

Jamie puts his finger under the dartboard and lifts it from the wall about a centimeter and looks behind it.

JAMIE

No secret passage way to Declan here, let's keep looking, hm?

Meanwhile, on the other side of the basement, Mark explores more of the clutter.

MARK

I just don't get it.

ANDREW

What?

MARK

If he want's a girlfriend so bad,
why doesn't he just...get one?

ROGER

I'm right here!

Mark turns around to look at him.

MARK

If you want a girlfriend so bad,
why don't you just get one?

ROGER

Girls hate men who wait on them
hand *and* foot. I'm too much of a
nice guy to ever get laid. Your
Chad friend over there will-

MARK

Sure, but Jamie was telling me
about this cool app called Tinder
where you can find love like
instantly!

ROGER

Have you ever used Tinder?

MARK

Not yet, I still don't know where
my phone is. But I imagine it's not
that hard. If you match with
someone, just message them and
boom: instant love!

ANDREW

You skipped a couple steps there,
buddy.

MARK

What? You start a conversation and
then just keep it going. It's
foolproof. Unless someone just
stops responding for no reason.

Mark turns around to keep looking through the mess. Andrew
and Roger eye one another because of Mark's naiveté.

A light flicks on from the left side of the room.

JAMIE (O.S.)
I think I found something!

Roger's face sinks as he rushes back to the left side of the basement.

JAMIE
What's behind this door?

Roger tries to power-walk over to Jamie, but Mia's foot just so happens to drift into his path.

Roger falls flat onto his face.

Jamie opens the door and...

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - DAY

Jamie enters a room that makes the main area look like the Hilton. The room still features all of the piles of junk from before, but the most important thing is missing: Declan.

Jamie tip toes into the space and scans the area. He stares at a spot that's clear of debris- the spot where Declan was sitting. Jamie touches two fingers to the spot.

JAMIE
It's still warm.

His gaze finds its way to a closet door in the corner. His eyes widen and his breathing picks up. He strides over to the door, places his hand on the knob and inhales. He pulls back the door.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT CLOSET - DAY

A reflection of light finds itself on Declan's face with a black-gloved hand over his mouth and a pistol to his head. But...nothing happens.

Pull back to reveal that Roger's closet has a pocket of sorts immediately to Jamie's left. The wall moves back about two feet.

Jamie, Declan, and Declan's captor all face the same direction- that of the coats and other hung clothing.

Jamie moves the coats as if Declan could be behind them. To no avail. He sighs.

JAMIE

Damn.

Declan sobs silently. The gun hand presses the nozzle to his temple harder.

Jamie turns around and defeatedly pushes the door shut.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM

Jamie exits the side room with his head hung low. Mark and Mia look at him solemnly. Roger picks himself up off the floor and dusts himself off.

JAMIE

Nothing.

MIA

I'm sorry, Jamie.

Shutter Click!

Everyone turns to see Kennedy and Andrew posing for a selfie with the Brad Pitt statue.

JAMIE

Guys!

ROGER

Get out!

JAMIE

Roger, they were just-

ROGER

Pulling that influencer crap! I gave you dipshits one rule!

Andrew and Kennedy shove their phones into their pockets.

JAMIE

And their phones are away!

ROGER

You may think I'm the scum of the Earth, but my house is the only place where what I say and do matters. Get out or I'll-

Jamie pulls out his phone.

JAMIE

Roger, don't make me call-

ROGER

Who? The cops? I can flush my weed before they get here and right now, you're not welcome anymore. I'm pretty sure that's called trespassing. Breaking and entering if I smash a window. Your fingerprints are all over. Especially his.

Roger gestures to Mark, who is still picking up and examining junk on the ground.

Mia gently kicks him, spooking him and making him stand up and drop the refuse.

JAMIE

You never told me what happened to the van though!

ROGER

It has nothing to do with your friend!

JAMIE

Then tell me! If you can't tell, I'm a little stressed out right now!

Roger stammers before blurting out:

ROGER

I sold it, okay! No one's lining up to hire a guy whose first Google result is "How Women Ruined *Star Wars*". Rent is cheap, but it's not free.

JAMIE

You stole from a church?

ROGER

They'll forgive me. Now get out.

EXT. ROGER'S SIDEWALK - DAY

The door slams behind everyone.

The five of them congregate near the curb. Kennedy and Andrew immediately start typing on their phones.

MIA

You couldn't wait ten damn minutes?!

KENNEDY

Do you know what a retweet from Brad Pitt would do for us?

ANDREW

He wasn't down there anyway, there was no reason to waste the trip!

MIA

Waste the trip? Declan. Was. Kidnapped. An actual human being's freedom was stripped away from him and you-

Mia gets lost in their egocentrism.

JAMIE

C'mon. Infighting doesn't help find him either.

MIA

This isn't infighting. They'd have to be in the group for this to be infighting.

Kennedy and Andrew gasp.

ANDREW

I'm sorry, who brought awareness of Declan's kidnapping to millions of people?

MIA

What's a high schooler in Wisconsin gonna do, Andrew?

KENNEDY

Likes and retweets are better than nothing- what have you done?

MIA

Been there! When you were sipping iced coffee. I may not know what it's like to have a hundred zillion followers- but at least I know what it's like to have *friends*.

Kennedy and Andrew scowl at Mia. A stare off ensues. Jamie and Mark look back and forth between the two of them.

MARK
It's true! We have seasons one
through...

Everyone looks at Mark...it's not the time for a joke.

MARK
(fading out)
Ten.

JAMIE
(sarcastically)
Thank you, Mark.

MARK
(mumbling)
They were on a break.

JAMIE
It's been a long day, maybe we all
need to-

KENNEDY
Jamie, have you been on Twitter?

MIA
He hasn't left your sight in the
last half hour, what do you think?

Kennedy doesn't look up from her phone.

KENNEDY
Jamie sounds bitchier than usual.

Mia posts up and Jamie puts his hand on her shoulder to calm her.

He pulls out his phone, taps Twitter. His eyes widen.

MIA
Is everything okay?

MARK
What happened?

Jamie's breathing picks up and he clutches his phone with a death grip. He scrolls endlessly.

His screen is filled with condemnatory tweets aimed at him. They say things like "Poor taste. Sad!"; "I told y'all Jamie Steller was racist!" and "My grandfather dodged the draft and even he hates you",

JAMIE
I think I'm...cancelled?

That hangs in the air for a few moments.

MARK
What do you mean?

JAMIE
What day is it?

MIA
December 7th.

Jamie's rubs his hand down his face.

JAMIE
Shit! Why did I-? I'm not-. I
didn't mean-

Jamie massages his temple and keeps scrolling through hate messages.

MARK
I'm still lost.

JAMIE
I just tweeted a Pearl Harbor joke
on Pearl Harbor day. A bad one at
that. With a big red circle at the
end in case there were any doubts
what I "meant".

Jamie does air quotes with his fingers when he says the word
"meant". He plops down on the curve.

Mia and Mark sit on either side of him. Kennedy and Andrew
just watch from the sidewalk, waiting for a moment to say
something.

MARK
Can't you just delete it?

JAMIE
(mildly agitated)
That only makes it worse.

MIA
Tweet an apology? Explain yourself?

JAMIE
(moderately agitated)
Then I'm either fake or too late!

MARK

So what do you do when you make a
mistake on the internet?

Jamie pauses for a moment. We don't flash back, but his face
droops as if he's thinking about the "Curl up and die" chant.

JAMIE

(severely agitated)

When you figure that one out, let
me freaking know!

Jamie waives his hands in the air and jumps up. He turns
around to face Kennedy and Andrew.

JAMIE

What would you two do?

KENNEDY

That's actually what we were about
to tell you...

ANDREW

How about we just rip the band-aid
off?

JAMIE

What band-aid? What's happening
right now?

KENNEDY

We've never had one of our friends
get..."cancelled" before.

ANDREW

The internet is a savage place. And
we can't-

KENNEDY

This is where it ends for us.

Jamie is taken aback. He blinks a few times in disbelief. His
eyes narrow in disdain.

JAMIE

Ends as in-

KENNEDY

As in we've already unfollowed you
and if you test us, you'll catch a
block.

ANDREW

Don't act like you don't know how this works. Internet fame is a jungle.

JAMIE

And I thought we were in this together!

ANDREW

We were. But things change. There's a difference between being followers and being friends.

KENNEDY

Just because we don't wanna follow you anymore doesn't mean we can't be friends. On the DL- you know?

Mia and Mark have stood up. They stand behind Jamie, but don't intervene, silently knowing this is his fight, so to speak.

JAMIE

I wish I could say I was surprised. I won't act like I didn't ignore every sign, but...damn if I didn't give you the benefit of every doubt there was.

KENNEDY

Let's not-

JAMIE

No. Let's. We won't be speaking again so let's just air it all out. You two wouldn't know genuine if it bit you in your botoxed asses. You're loyal to know one but a hoard of followers who would chew you up and spit you out in a heartbeat if you so much as stub your toe. You're pathetic. Your lives are pathetic. And anyone who admires you beyond entertainment is pathetic. You have no depth, no empathy, and certainly no priorities.

Mia cracks a grin behind him.

JAMIE

We don't need you and we never needed you. So kindly: Fuck Off.

Everyone is open mouthed at what Jamie just said. Andrew and Kennedy's eyes are the size of quarters as they mouth "okay" and turn around to walk toward their car.

Jamie turns around to face Mark and Mia as Andrew and Kennedy film an Instagram Boomerang of themselves flipping him off.

JAMIE

Let's go.

Jamie, Mark, and Mia walk off toward their car.

MIA

So what now?

JAMIE

Looks like it really is just us.

MIA

It was always just us.

JAMIE

Yeah, but them aside, now we have no social media. We got our first lead from the internet.

MIA

Well, do we have anymore?

JAMIE

Just the one Chris sent me. He found the guy who was behind us in the buggy last night.

MIA

Then we have one more thing we can do.

They arrive at the car.

MARK

Shotgun!

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Jamie drives with Mark in the passenger seat and Mia in the back. There's a tense silence as Jamie is clearly still angry from what's just happened.

College-town rolls into Amish country in the background.

JAMIE

Hey, Siri!

His phone beeps and the Siri interface pops up.

JAMIE
Call Chris Roven.

The phone beeps and we see the phone call screen with Chris's name at the top.

INT. CHRIS'S CAR - DAY

We see a residential street through his window as he turns right and it slides out of sight.

CHRIS
Jamie!

JAMIE (V.O.)
Hey, Chris. What do we need to know about this buggy driver?

CHRIS
There's not much to know. His name is Amos-

JAMIE (V.O.)
Of course it is.

CHRIS
(chuckling)
And the address I sent you is his shop.

JAMIE (V.O.)
Do we need to be worried about anything? Is he dangerous?

CHRIS
As dangerous as a guy in a straw hat can be, I guess.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

They are now in the thick of Amish country. Pedestrians scowl at them for daring to drive a car on their dirt roads.

Mark makes eye contact with an intimidating man in a straw hat with a beard,

JAMIE
Alright. We'll call you if we learn anything.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Sounds good.

JAMIE
What have you been up to?

CHRIS (V.O.)
Well, I just left the police station, and I was gonna head to Amos's but it looks like you beat me.

JAMIE
See what else you can dig up about the church van. Roger's was a bust.

CHRIS (V.O.)
Take care of yourself. Will do.

Jamie hangs up.

MARK
Do you think Amish people have influencers?

JAMIE
How would that work?

MARK
What if there's like a town pole where everyone posts announcements? You could swoop in and just staple up a shirtless mirror pic.

Mia chuckles in the back seat. Jamie can't help but to crack a smile.

MIA
And people can draw hearts on it with red sharpies.

JAMIE
So if Instagram is a pole, what does that make Twitter?

MIA
You tell us.

JAMIE
The town crier maybe?

Mia claps and points at Jamie.

MIA

Yes!

Jamie keeps one of his hands on the wheel and uses his other to half-cup his mouth.

JAMIE

Attention, plebeians! Here's how the shoelaces you're tying ACTUALLY contribute to systemic poverty, amoral consumerism, and late stage capitalism (one of forty-nine).

Mia and Mark are silent- they don't get it.

MARK

I don't get it.

MIA

Do people really do that?

JAMIE

So, yes, but it's usually a good thing. It just happens so much that the form-

MARK

We're here!

The car approaches a small building with a wooden sign on its roof that says "Amos's" in cursive.

JAMIE

Where do you park in Amish country?

MIA

Beats me.

JAMIE

I just don't want something to happen.

MARK

I think you can just pull over and park. What are they gonna do? Tow you?

MIA

Okay, now I'm picturing your car being towed by like six horses and I kinda want to see that. Let's do it!

Jamie giggles, pulls the car over, and takes the keys out of the ignition.

INT. AMOS'S - DAY

A bell above the door rings as Jamie, Mark, and Mia enter into a surprisingly elegant, hand-crafted goods shop. The decor is very Reconstruction Era. Simple furniture -tables, chairs, and benches- abound the space. Buckets sit in front of them, some of which are filled with rocks.

A clear aisle leads from the front door to the checkout counter, behind which stands a man in his mid 20's with his back turned, facing a curtain that leads to a backroom. He is AMOS MILLER, a 24 year old, heavily bearded, man who just wants to be left to his work.

AMOS
(excited)
Good afternoon- or is it evening?

Amos turns around and the grin on his face fades into a disappointed frown.

AMOS
Gentlemen. Lady. May I help you with something?

JAMIE
Yes, actually. You were in front of me in your buggy last night.

AMOS
I suppose. I rode in front of a number of vehicles last night.

JAMIE
Yeah, well. A friend of mine was kidnapped when we got to my house and the van took off the way you were going. We were wondering if you saw which way it went?

AMOS
And just who are you, exactly?
Adolescent law enforcement?

JAMIE
I'm Jamie. That's Mia, and that's Mark.

He points to himself and both of them as he speaks.

JAMIE

And we're just some concerned college students trying to find their friend before it's too late.

AMOS

That doesn't sound safe or legal, young man. You should leave this to the proper authorities.

JAMIE

Are you even older than me?

AMOS

In wisdom...and years.

JAMIE

Whatever. We tried the authorities and they just brushed us off! Besides, I- at least used to- have something they didn't. A social media following.

Amos tilts his head in confusion.

AMOS

A what?

JAMIE

I'm an influencer. It's an internet thing. Never mind.

AMOS

Oh no, I do mind. Please tell me more about your line of work. I do love learning about new occupations.

JAMIE

Okay- if I explain it to you, you'll tell us which way the van went?

AMOS

It needn't be a exchange, I'll tell you regardless. I'm not a monster. You're just my only customers today and I'm starved for conversation.

Amos grins expectantly.

JAMIE

Sure. So, basically, my friend and I, the one who's missing, post pictures and videos of ourselves on social media. Twitter, Instagram, YouTube, etcetera. Then our viewers watch our content, give us some likes, and we sometimes make money through advertisers who pay us to promote their products.

AMOS

I see. And what are these images, moving or otherwise, about?

JAMIE

Usually they're just...of us. Living our lives. Answering questions. Sometimes playing games.

AMOS

Fascinating. So they aren't even short narratives of a sort, they're simply windows into the best elements your life?

JAMIE

I guess you could say that.

AMOS

Incredible. Human egotism knows no bounds.

Mark and Mia stifle laughter. Jamie is caught off guard by both their reactions and Amos's bluntness.

AMOS

Let me show you something.

Amos stands up, lifts the counter flap, and moves freely about the store. He stops at a finely crafted, wooden chair with a bucket 1/3 full of rocks in front of it.

AMOS

I took 48 hours to craft this beauty. I sweated. I bled. I even wept at its completion. And you know how much it was appreciated?

Amos kicks over the bucket of rocks. The trio jumps.

AMOS

That much. Sometimes, I put my best creations on the porch to see what the town-folk think. Supposedly, they put rocks in front of the ones they find most pleasurable.

JAMIE

Supposedly?

AMOS

Some of their decisions simply don't make sense! I toil and put my soil into this chair, and somehow it got half as many rocks as...this.

Amos gestures to a table that, while functional, is not nearly as aesthetically pleasing as the chair. Its bucket is filled to the brim with rocks.

AMOS

My point is...I am a creator. I create things that serve a purpose other than my own vanity. I-

JAMIE

Bullshit.

AMOS

I beg your pardon?

JAMIE

Your...wood may not be you. But you can't say I'm vain just because your "likes" look different from mine.

Jamie points to the rocks on the floor.

AMOS

But likes have no meaning.

JAMIE

And rocks do?

AMOS

If I so desired, I could melt these rocks to create something new.

JAMIE

And more likes means more sponsors. More sponsors means more money.

AMOS

A means to an end, perhaps.

Jamie nods. Amos drifts back behind the counter.

AMOS

But why do people watch you if you don't truly do anything?

JAMIE

Because we're influencers.

AMOS

And why are you influencers?

JAMIE

Because people watch what we do.

AMOS

We seem to be going in a bit of a circle here.

Amos inhales, looks upward, then back to Jamie.

AMOS

I will require forgiveness for this, but may I see some of your...work, I suppose?

Jamie rolls his eyes and pulls out his phone.

JAMIE

Sure.

He opens Instagram and taps on his profile before handing over the phone.

JAMIE

This is Instagram. Swipe up and down to scroll. Tap to make it bigger.

Amos takes the phone and pulls out a pair of spectacles from his shirt pocket. He holds the phone like it's a tiny new born and taps the screen like it might set off a bomb.

AMOS

Intriguing. A significant fraction of these are you in front of a mirror. Do you still resent my egotism comment?

JAMIE

Yeah.

AMOS

Then what do you call this?

Amos turns the phone around and it shows a shirtless mirror pic of Jamie while he sticks his tongue out. The photo is captioned, "I woke up like dis."

AMOS

You quite clearly did not wake up like that as you're wearing denim and appear to have fixed your hair. At least I have no qualms about admitting the effort behind my work.

JAMIE

It's just a thirst trap. Everyone does them.

AMOS

What kind of snare is it, now?

JAMIE

No- it's- When one person is like really physically attracted another person, that's called thirsting.

AMOS

Not the definition I grew up with, but go on.

JAMIE

So the post is supposed to...I guess provoke that response.

AMOS

Ah, and so the purpose of this photograph is to make your viewers "thirst" after you?

JAMIE

Exactly.

Amos hands Jamie his phone back and takes off his glasses.

AMOS

Would you like to borrow my spectacles?

JAMIE

Why would I want to do that?

AMOS

Because you seem to be blind, young man!

Mark and Mia belt out a laugh. Jamie deeply exhales, rolls his eyes, and bites his lip.

JAMIE

I answered your questions. Can you tell us about the van now?

AMOS

The black van drove west before quickly merging onto the Interstate and disappearing from my line of view.

Jamie, Mia, and Mark's faces all sink.

AMOS

I'm sorry, I wish I could be of more help, but I continued on my way. I didn't know.

The group processes this.

AMOS

However, I knew if I began with that, it would sour the rest of our encounter! Seems we both learned something today.

Amos turns around and disappears behind the curtain.

JAMIE

Goddammit.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMOS'S - DAY

Jamie stomps to his car and sees a ticket under his windshield. He snatches it and reads this crude, handwritten parking violation ticket.

Mark and Mia awkwardly stand behind him.

MIA

Not quite as fun as horse towing...

She musters up a fake laugh that fails to add any levity.

JAMIE
AAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!

Jamie bellows as he rips the ticket to shreds and the breeze carries it away.

JAMIE
Do you know what this means?

MARK
(mumbling)
You don't know where to send your
ticket payment?

JAMIE
It means the case is cold! That was
our last lead! Declan could be
anywhere from here to Michigan by
now!

MIA
Maybe we should take some time to
cool off and regroup?

JAMIE
That won't do anything! Nothing
will do anything! It's over! No
amount of time or regrouping will
change-

MIA
Jamie, why are you yelling at us?

JAMIE
I'm not yelling at you! I just...

Jamie struggles to find the words.

MIA
I know you said they don't work,
but, maybe you could at least try
an internet apology? Maybe some of
your followers will understand and
help us or something?

Jamie rubs his sinuses.

JAMIE
You just don't get it, do you?
Either of you? The internet isn't a
place for apologies and
forgiveness! If you don't get it
right the first time, you're done!

MIA
That can't be true.

JAMIE
How would you know?

MIA
Because the internet is made up of people, Jamie! I may not know much about it, but people aren't perfect! If that's true, then no one should be allowed on the internet.

JAMIE
It doesn't work like that! It's not a- I can't just apologize! It's not enough! Sometimes even action isn't enough!

MIA
For who?

JAMIE
For everyone!

MIA
For everyone or for you?

Jamie is taken aback. His eyes widen.

JAMIE
What's that supposed to mean?

MIA
Maybe they'll accept an apology, maybe they won't. But you won't know until you post one. And, I don't care what you say, at least *some* of them will forgive you. To hell with the rest, you did what you could.

JAMIE
Goddammit, Mia, you sound like such a dumbass right now!

An inaudible screech as the conversation grinds to a halt. A few seconds of tense silence.

MIA
I'm a what?

JAMIE

You're not a- I was just- I
shouldn't have- Mia, I'm so sorry.

MIA

Take us home.

JAMIE

Mia, I didn't mean it. Let me off
the hook, please.

MIA

(mockingly)

It doesn't work like that.

Mia opens the car door and slides into the backseat, slamming it behind her. Mark's eyebrows rise and his lips purse and he makes that "awkward..." face.

MARK

You messed up.

Mark opens the passenger door and gets into the car. As he shuts his door, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. JEFFERS HOUSE - DAY

The sound of Jamie's car door shutting carries over into this scene as Mark and Mia walk toward their college house, but, more importantly, away from Jamie.

Jamie stares at them wistfully. Mark treads beside his sister, but looks back repeatedly, while she coldly strides with purpose in her eyes, never looking back.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY

Jamie deeply inhales and deeply exhales. He watches them enter the house, and close the door behind them.

He sits there pensively for a moment. He runs his hands through his hair and rests one of them on the wheel and just stares forward.

It's evening. The pink horizon boasts the death rattle of the day and with it the ever-diminishing chance of recovering Declan.

Hopeless and helpless, Jamie puts the car in gear and presses his foot against the gas pedal.

INT. JAMIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jamie shuts the door behind him and tosses his keys out of the frame. Donna snores on the couch while *Friends* plays on the television. He passes through the space and into his bedroom where he closes himself in.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie plops onto his bed without taking off his jacket or shoes. His body stretched out and his mouth half open.

His phone buzzes.

Jamie takes it out and reads a message from Chris that says, "Any updates?"

Somehow, this is the straw that breaks the camel's back. Jamie tosses his phone onto the carpet and sobs.

We move to the phone on the ground, and as it goes to sleep, so does he...

FADE TO BLACK.

A few seconds of silence pass.

FROM THE BLACK:

An indistinguishable noise that repeats. With each loop, it gets louder. It's an alarm- no it's a-

CUT TO:

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phone ringing. Notification dings.

Jamie's eyes snap open as the noise startles him out of his depression nap. He allows a moment for himself to reconnect with reality before rolling over and scooping up the phone.

Jamie winces from the light of the screen. Then his face manages to droop more than it already has.

The screen displays another message from Rehpot, the kidnapper. It's a photo of Declan with his hands and feet taped together as well as tape that covers his mouth and goes around his head. A pistol nozzle is visibly pressed against his head.

The messages beneath the photo reads, *"Tweet the following before midnight or you'll be picking up his body: 'I will not apologize for the bomb that I dropped earlier today. Cry me a river...or rather- an ocean.' Declan's counting on you."*

Jamie angrily squeezes the phone and creases his forehead. He drops the phone back onto the floor and turns onto his back, a powder keg about-

JAMIE
GODDAMMIT!

In one swift motion he grabs a pillow and throws it across the room. As he slams his head into his palms, he hears a clatter.

He lifts his head to see that one of his YouTube plaques has fallen off the wall- knocked by the pillow. Jamie sighs and forces himself to sit upright.

His feet hit the floor and he approaches the fallen plaque, covered by the pillow. He bends over and tosses the pillow back onto his bed before picking up the dusty plaque and wiping it with his hand.

The oversized YouTube Logo stares back at him above
"StarPower - Jamie Steller & Declan Powers - 100,000
Subscribers."

Jamie's breathing becomes labored as he fights tears again.

Knock Knock!

Jamie whips around and wipes his semi-dry eyes.

JAMIE
Just a second!

He hangs the plaque back up and rushes to his door. Donna stands there.

DONNA
Everything all right? It sounds
like my parents' marriage back
here.

Jamie chuckles.

JAMIE
Yeah, sorry. I'll keep the swearing
and banging down.

DONNA
Something's on your mind. Talk to
me.

Jamie sighs and looks around.

JAMIE
I just don't wanna talk about-

CUT TO:

Jamie and Donna are sat on the bed with Jamie nearly out of
breath.

JAMIE
And then I got this message asking
me to make everything worse and I
just- I'm at my wit's end.

Donna appears to be focused on something Jamie said earlier.

DONNA
It's weird that the church thing
led you to Roger. I just saw him
like three days ago at the
hospital?

JAMIE
What was he doing?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Donna walks down the hallway in a lab coat with a clip board
when she locks eyes with Roger.

DONNA (V.O.)
I wasn't sure.

ROGER
Hey, Donna!

Donna grins and nods politely.

DONNA
Roger.

She tries to power walk around him, but Roger keeps chatting.

ROGER
How've you been?

DONNA

I've been well, thank you. I really should be getting back to-

ROGER

I miss you, Donna, so much. And your feet.

Roger stares at her feet for a moment.

DONNA

Here we go.

ROGER

I know I've been cursed with this God-awful face and body, but you could fix me Donna. Your little toesy woesies can turn me around.

Roger tries to move closer, but Donna steps back, semi-vomiting in her own mouth.

DONNA

I'm good, thanks. I've gotta go.

ROGER

Wait! I seem to have...gotten myself turned around. Can you take me to a help desk or something?

Donna rolls her eyes and takes a deep breath.

DONNA

Follow me.

They walk down the hallway for about six seconds when a young woman approaching them, also in a lab coat, turns into a room with a keypad lock.

ROGER

Oh my god, is that Erica Hale?
Erica!

Roger runs after her and into the room.

DONNA

Roger, you're not allowed to-

But he's already gone and the door is shut.

DONNA (V.O.)
I probably should've gotten
someone, but at that point I just
needed to get far from that
hallway.

Donna power walks away from the door.

JAMIE (V.O.)
You definitely should've! What if
he had-

DONNA (V.O.)
He's a miserable, pathetic jerk who
only poses a threat to his own
safety. He's not a danger, trust
me.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

JAMIE
If you say so. What room did you
say it was?

DONNA
I don't think I did. But- Pharmacy
Storage.

Jamie's eyes widen.

EXT. JAMIE'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The kidnapers press a chloroform rag into Declan's face
before he passes out and goes limp.

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamie grabs his phone and pulls up the first Rehpot text with
the picture of Declan.

JAMIE
Holy shit. It's the same basement.

Jamie's mouth is wide open as he connects the dots.

JAMIE
Donna, you're a goddess.

Jamie hugs her tightly and grabs his phone off of the floor.
Jamie's moving a bit fast for Donna, but she goes with it.

DONNA

That's Dr. Goddess to you! In like
a year or two.

Jamie smiles at her and moves to leave.

DONNA

Where are you going?

JAMIE

I need to tell someone that *I* was
the dumbass.

Donna grins.

DONNA

Then what are you still talking to
me for?

Jamie tilts his head.

JAMIE

Because- you asked where I was
going?

DONNA

No, I know, I was just- You know
how- On TV when the person's like,
"I'm gonna do the thing." And the
supportive friend is all, "Then
what are you still talking to me
for?" And the other person smiles
and leaves.

JAMIE

Sure, but I was on my way out and
you stopped me to-

DONNA

It didn't work here, just go!

They both laugh and Jamie leaves. Donna pulls out her phone
and starts scrolling on it.

The sound of the front door shutting echoes.

Donna scrolls a bit more and starts laughing hysterically at
a meme we can't see.

DONNA

Oh my god, this feels *targeted*.

She screenshots it as we...

EXT. JEFFERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamie slams his car door and runs up to the front door.

KnockKnockKnockKnockKnock!

Jamie's fist bangs rapidly on the door frame. He fidgets while he waits for the door to open.

The door swings over to reveal a stone-faced Mia. She folds her arms.

JAMIE

Hey.

Mia awkwardly purses her lips.

MIA

Why are you here?

JAMIE

To apologize first off. I never should've yelled at you. I was way out of line and I have no excuse.

MIA

Okay...and?

JAMIE

And?

MIA

You said "first off". You're apologizing so you can ask for something. What's the second thing?

JAMIE

Wait- you think I'm only sorry because I need your help?

MIA

I was a dumbass a few hours ago. Now there's something you can't do without me and-

JAMIE

How many times do I have to say I'm sorry?!

MIA

Quality over quantity, Jamie! You yelled at me in public, in front of my brother, after a day of talking down to me and ignoring me for people who weren't even your friends!

Jamie's face shows remorse.

MIA

You're no better than Kennedy and Andrew. We're just the idiots who thought more of you.

JAMIE

That's not fair! You asked me to take you home, remember? I didn't walk out on you when you needed me!

MIA

Needing us doesn't mean you can just brush us off when you feel like it! I told you that we didn't need them and you didn't listen to me! Sure, I don't totally understand your "job", but that doesn't mean I never know what I'm talking about! And then when they did exactly what I tried to warn you they would do, you had the GALL to take your anger out on me and Mark!

Jamie is flushed, having had no idea Mia felt this way.

JAMIE

Mia, I- Sorry doesn't feel like enough, but it's all I have. I'm sorry that I ignored you, I'm sorry I patronized you, I'm sorry that I lashed out at you in public. I...

Jamie takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

JAMIE

I'm sorry that I wasn't the friend that either of you deserved. You two are...kind, smart, terrific people, and I'm sorry that I ever made you feel otherwise.

Mia nods and cracks a smile.

MIA
That's better.

They hug.

JAMIE
Now where's Mark so I can say all
that to him?

MARK (O.S.)
I'm right here.

Mia pushes the door open a little further and we see that
Mark was just blocked by the door. He waives with his usual
dumb, excited grin.

MARK
I've been here the whole time!

JAMIE
Were you ever gonna say anything?

MARK
I just did!

JAMIE
Ya got me there.

Jamie embraces Mark and Mia joins for a group hug. They
separate.

JAMIE
We have to go back to Roger's.

MIA
(sarcastically)
Oh joy.

MARK
Why?

JAMIE
Because some way or another, he's
involved with the kidnapping.

MIA
But how do you know?

Jamie opens his mouth.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jamie drives while Mia sits in the passenger seat and Mark sits in the back.

JAMIE
It just can't be a coincidence.

MIA
Yeah, no, he's up to something.

MARK
Hehehe- what if he stole Viagra too?

JAMIE
Why would he steal Viagra?

MARK
It'd just be funny if he did and then he goes to jail.

MIA
Mark, make sense.

MARK
Because then he'd be doing...*hard time*.

Mark slaps his knee and doubles over in laughter. Jamie and Mia make "I wanna die" faces.

JAMIE
Hehehe- if he took medical pot, he'd be doing time...in the *joint*.

Jamie and Mark crack up at that one. Mia's expression remains unchanged.

MIA
I hope he has Tylenol. Just lots and lots of Tylenol. Boatloads of Tylenol.

JAMIE
Why?

MIA
So that this can be my last headache.

Jamie's car stops for a red light and he pulls his phone out of the cupholder. He taps a few times and puts it back. We hear the dialing noise.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Jamie!

JAMIE

Hey, Chris. We're on our way back to Roger's. If you don't hear back from us in thirty minutes, call the police.

CHRIS (V.O.)

What? Why? Are you sure it's safe? I know I told you to investigate, but if you think he's *involved* involved, I don't want you putting yourself in harm's way.

JAMIE

Don't worry about us. We can take a depressed incel.

CHRIS

Jamie, this is an awful idea. At least wait for me to get-

JAMIE

We don't have time! He could've actually left town by now if he wanted to!

A beat.

CHRIS (V.O.)

I guess I can't stop you, but watch your back over there. How far out are you?

JAMIE

Nearly there. Remember, thirty minutes.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Got it.

Jamie ends the call.

EXT. ROGER'S STREET - NIGHT

Jamie's car comes to a stop roughly four houses down from Roger's.

INT. JAMIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Mia looks over at Jamie apprehensively.

MIA
Should I even ask if we have a
plan?

JAMIE
You shouldn't but you can. There's
only two parts to it.

MIA
Why shouldn't I?

JAMIE
You won't like it.

MIA
What are the two parts, Jamie?

Jamie looks at Roger's house in the distance.

JAMIE
Break and enter.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROGER'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jamie, Mark, and Mia crouch and scurry along the side of the house. Jamie peaks his head around the back wall of the house and spots a basement window on the far, back side of the house. They sneak over to the window and crouch down. Jamie grabs a large rock at the edge of the backyard.

They all look at each other, grin, and nod.

JAMIE
Part one.

He smashes the window in with the rock.

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The three of them slide into the basement and land somewhat softly.

JAMIE
Part two.

Jamie approaches the side room again and hesitates before putting his hand on the door knob. He takes a deep breath and hopes...

We hear the turning of the knob and see...

INT. ROGER'S BASEMENT SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Declan sits on a folding chair, slumped over and half asleep. He startled by the sound of the door opening. His fright turns to excitement and then joy at the sight of his friends. His hands and legs are bound with rope and duct tape wraps around his head to cover his mouth.

Jamie and Mia rush to undo his leg and hand binds.

While they fiddle with the knots, Mark just stands there, unsure of how to be useful.

Declan keeps trying to talk through the tape, but he's unintelligible. The noises he makes grow in urgency as Jamie and Mia finish untying him.

JAMIE

What are you trying to say?

Declan's noises intensify as he stands up and Mark takes the folding chair.

JAMIE

Okay, okay- hold still!

Jamie touches the tape as-

ROGER (O.S.)

What the hell?

Everyone turns around to see Roger standing in the main basement room. He storms toward them,

ROGER

With Alex Jones as my witness, I
swear to-

WHAM!

Mark hits Roger with the folding chair square in the face and he crumples.

MARK

Looks like the in-cel is out-cold!

Mark cracks himself up.

JAMIE

What was even the joke there?

MARK

See, because, out is the opposite
of in and cel is...

Everyone waits.

MARK

Oh shit, it doesn't work. Scrap it!

Declan resumes making urgent need-to-speak noises.

JAMIE

We'll talk outside, c'mon!

Jamie steps aside as Declan, Mark, and Mia exit in that order. They rush over to the stairs and quickly move up them. Declan swings open the door and the blinding light gives way to reveal...Chris standing at the top of the stairs.

Close on Chris as the gang finally feels like they can breath safely for a moment. All except for Declan. Pull out to reveal that Chris is holding a pistol- the same pistol from the Declan photos.

Everyone's faces drop as they realize that Chris isn't their salvation. He's their adversary. He raises the gun.

CHRIS

Turn around.

Everyone freezes for a moment. They're still processing, but Jamie's mental wheels are processing something else.

CHRIS

What did I just say?!

Jamie turns around and slips his phone out of his pocket. We see him tap Instagram and start an Instagram live in the few seconds it takes for the gang- and lastly, Chris, to walk down and move into the left room with the dart board and Brad Pitt statue. Mia discreetly scoops a dart off of the messy floor. Jamie props his phone on the statue just before Chris turns the corner. Everyone puts their hands up. Chris still points the gun.

JAMIE

(pleading)

I don't get it?

CHRIS

You were supposed to be following the van out of town by now.

JAMIE

But why? Why'd you put this together? How'd you put this together?

CHRIS

Amos is my second cousin. And the young man you just attacked is my nephew. While Roger doesn't have many friends, the few he does are starved for cash and the approval of other men. Hiring them to kidnap you wasn't that hard, but convincing a devout Amishman to give you a fake lead- cost me a pretty penny.

JAMIE

But what did you have to gain?

CHRIS

You were supposed to play detective a little while longer so that this could grow into something people would follow. It would've given all of us the boost we needed and then you would've *found* Declan. I had this in place in case you lost the Innies, and when you did, I wasn't going to lose my job- I've worked too damn hard.

JAMIE

And the tweets? What's a Rehpot?

MARK

It's Topher backwards!

Everyone pauses and looks at him.

MARK

Ya know- cause his name's Christopher. He just kinda flipped the second half of his name.

JAMIE

Right, but...how'd you put that together?

MARK

I have a thing for palindromes.

JAMIE

But that's not a-

CHRIS

Nothing attracts attention like controversy, Jamie. No one was talking about you and we needed to change that. Have you been on the Internet at all today?

JAMIE

I've been a little busy.

CHRIS

You two are front page news. Your followers are skyrocketing and I've gotten emails from talk shows and podcasts. This kind of publicity could make us so much money.

Chris pauses.

CHRIS

You've gone viral.

JAMIE

We're actually front page news? Aren't there dead kids in like Syria?

MIA

There's dead kids here.

CHRIS

Shut up! Listen to me! All of that was the original plan. But now, we have ourselves a situation. So I'll pitch this: no harm no foul. Everyone's safe and everyone's benefitting from this. Why rock the boat? We could all walk out right now and start planning for *our* future. What do you say?

JAMIE

We'd actually like to go to another direction.

Jamie moves his head and points his raised hands in the direction of the Brad Pitt statue.

Chris looks over, then down and sees Jamie's phone propped up against the statue and he realizes that he's just publicly confessed to everything. He shoots the phone then points the gun back at the group.

CHRIS

Social media can expose me, but it
can't save your lives.

Chris continues to make threats in MOS.

Jamie looks at Mia in the mirror. Her eyes drift to her sleeve and Jamie sees the outline of the dart. Jamie looks to Mark then to the Brad Pitt statue. Mark nods and grins.

JAMIE

That's what friends are for.

Mark kicks over the Brad Pitt statue and it shatters on the floor.

Mia hurls the dart with pinpoint precision and nabs Chris in the hand. He yelps and drops the gun.

CHRIS

Shit!

He clutches his hand and sprints out of the basement. The trio sprint after him.

INT. ROGER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chris makes a break for Roger's front door. The gang trips over themselves to catch up to him. Chris swings the doors open to see-

EXT. ROGER'S STREET - NIGHT

A barricade of police cars surround the house. Their lights illuminate the entire block. Officers stand behind their cars with their guns drawn. Chris's face sinks.

Donna stands across the street behind the barricade. She nods to Jamie.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Chris is handcuffed and put into a squad car.

- An officer walks out of the house with Chris's pistol in an evidence bag.

- Another officer leads Roger out of the house with a bruised face.

- Jamie calmly gives his testimony to a cop while wearing a shock blanket.

- A medic starts to unwrap the duct tape around Declan's face. We see him mouth, "are you ready?". Declan nods before the medic rips off the last of the tape. Declan's howl of pain is inaudible, but hysterical - in both senses of the word.

- Mark and Mia relay their testimonies together. Mark gets animated and Mia calms him down. They laugh to each other.

- Jamie, Declan, Mark, and Mia approach Donna with smiles on their faces.

END MONTAGE

JAMIE

How'd you know to call the cops?

DONNA

Instagram Live, bay-bee. Plus, Roger sent me his address every day for a month before he took the hint.

JAMIE

Was that the same time as all the dick pics?

DONNA

They were mostly feet pics, actually. He had a new angle for every day. As if one side would finally make me say yes over the other.

Everyone chuckles.

MARK

So now what?

DECLAN

Is the Starbucks down the street still open? I'm starving.

Everyone looks at Declan.

DECLAN

What?

Everyone laughs and hugs.

DECLAN
Postmates it is then.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

INT. JAMIE'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jamie and Mia lie on the carpet playing Monopoly: Social Media Edition. Jamie is clearly winning, with far more cash and property cards than Mia. She rolls the dice and lands on Boardwalk, the most expensive property owned by Jamie.

JAMIE
Ah! You owe me 2000 followers!

MIA
This is bullshit!

JAMIE
Pfft- how?

MIA
You're sittin' on stacks over there
and 2000 followers is gonna
bankrupt me! Or...cancel me-
whatever Social Media Monopoly
calls it!

JAMIE
(smirking, leaning in)
That's capitalism, my guy.

MIA
(smirking, leaning in)
That's robbery, my guy.

JAMIE
Synonyms, my guy.

Jamie's hand touches Mia's. They both look at their hands then into each other's eyes, longingly.

Jamie breaks the tension by quickly grabbing four 500 follower bills from Mia's stack.

JAMIE
Thank you!

MIA
When the poor rise up, I'm coming
for your ass.

JAMIE
I'm counting on it.

Jamie rolls.

JAMIE
Pass Go, collect 200 followers. And-
oh. Baltic Avenue, I guess I owe
you 4 followers...chump change.

Jamie takes his time counting out four bills before sliding them over to Mia, suggestively. Mia stops his hand before he finishes sliding them over. Hands touching again, the yearning looks return to their faces.

MIA
I never told you how brave you
were.

Jamie takes a deep breath.

JAMIE
It was nothing- I- I just wanted to
keep you guys safe.

MIA
It wasn't nothing though. You saved
our lives.

JAMIE
We saved each other. I just...made
good eye contact.

MIA
Like you are now?

Jamie blushes. Mia leans in closer to him.

JAMIE
Sorta- except then it was like I
could read your mind.

MIA
Can you read it now?

Jamie inhales.

JAMIE
Like a book.

They close their eyes and kiss. Time seems to stand still as it's just Jamie and Mia in that moment.

Jamie and Mia.

And...Mark?

MARK (O.S.)

I have to pee for 2 minutes and you two start making me a nephew?

Mark trots in from the hallway and plops onto the floor next to the Monopoly board, between Jamie and Mia. They chuckle.

JAMIE

50/50 it would've been a niece.

MIA

0/0 it would've been anything...

JAMIE

You never took sex ed, how would you know?

Mia playfully slaps the backside of Jamie's head. Everyone laughs. Declan enters.

DECLAN

What's all this about?

MIA

Jamie and Mark think kissing makes you pregnant.

DECLAN

Ah, that explains the swelling in my ovaries.

Silence.

DECLAN

Phillipian Tubes?

JAMIE

How did you manage to be wrong twice in one guess?

MIA

Shame.

MARK

Even I know this one.

Declan looks up at the ceiling in thought.

DECLAN
(doubtfully)
Uterus?

JAMIE
Third time's the charm!

Jamie high fives Declan. Declan plops down onto the ground with everyone else.

MIA
I can't with you two. Speaking of which, have you figured out when to stop influencing?

Jamie and Declan are aghast.

JAMIE
Why would we do that?

DECLAN
We just got a ton of new followers and sponsors.

MIA
I mean- I just thought after everything that happened, you'd feel like social media is toxic?

JAMIE
Noooo.

DECLAN
Definitely not.

JAMIE
Sure, anyone can get carried away but this is paying off our student loans and could jumpstart our careers.

DECLAN
Yeah, social media's fine. Just don't be an asshole, ya know?

MIA
I don't, actually. I still don't have any.

JAMIE
Really? After everything? Pull out your phone, we're making you an Instagram right now.

Mia pulls it out.

MIA

But why? Why should I join an app that encourages me to compare my life to the lives of people doing bigger and better thing than I am? It doesn't make any sense!

JAMIE

Nope...but it's fun.

DECLAN

Damn right it is.

Mia rolls her eyes and shrugs before handing over her phone. Fast-paced, exciting music transitions us into...

INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jamie and Declan are filming their January Q & A video.

JAMIE

Hey fr-
(trails off)
everyone!

DECLAN

StarPower here with our first live Q&A video since...well... everything happened!

MARK (O.S.)

Guys! I finally found my phone! Looks like your couch ated it!

JAMIE

It's just "ate", Mark!

MARK (O.S.)

(yelling)
What do you mean? It's like 4 in the afternoon?

Jamie blinks in mild annoyance.

DECLAN

(mumbling)
He thinks you meant the numb-

JAMIE

(sarcastic)
Thank you, Declan.

Jamie waives everyone off.

JAMIE

We're sure you have plenty to ask
us so let's just jump into it!

JAMIE

Brad from Cleveland asks...

DECLAN

"What happened?"

Jamie and Declan look at each other, unsure of where to
start. They shrug, look into the camera, open their mouths,
and-

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END